

fort and peace and rest and assurance in fellowship with thee, thou Jesus, and so richly unfolded thyself, thou, thy word, by the power of the Holy Spirit, that we have been enabled to give out the living water to the thirsty and famishing.

Tho we have at times shamefully fallen into sin, yet thou hast enabled us to see its hatefulness and to fly with it to thee and find such abundant pardon thro the blood of thy Son and made us strong by thy spirit and given such abundant cleansing and victory over sin, that we can so freely proclaim liberty to all in the chains of satan and lust. Thou dost not leave us in the power of sin, but art able to save us fully and freely from its dreaded and dreadful consequences.

And then, thou Christ, and by the enabling of the Holy Spirit, thou dost not only permit us to come to thee, but dost so freely invite us to come to thee with all burdens, perplexities, hard conditions, weaknesses, sickness and everything so that we need be anxious for nothing. O, our Father, we thank thee for thy full free salvation. Thou art worthy of all praise.

We come to thee too, O God, in deep earnest prayer that thou mayest keep us very close to thee. Make us more fruitful and help us to be willing and able to do thy will. O, thou knowest how puny and weak all humanity is without thy divine enablings. O, quicken and enable thy people that thy Son may be glorified in thee. Amen.

Glenford, O.

Home Circle

GRANDMOTHER'S MAXIM

ELEANOR W. F. BATES

I never could tell what my grandmother meant,
Though she has the wisest of brains ;
"I have noticed," she said, "in the course of my life,
That lazy folks take the most pains."

I hated to mend that short rip in the skirt
Of my dress where the pocket-hole strains.
And grandmother saw it, and laughed as she said,
"Yes, lazy folks take the most pains."

And that same little rip, when I went out to ride,
Was caught in my bicycle chain ;
O! then I remembered what grandmother said,
"That lazy folks take the most pains."

For instead of an inch I must sew up a yard,
And it's just as her maxim explains ;
I shall always believe what my grandmother said,
"That lazy folks take the most pains,"

—*Little Men and Women.*

ONE CHILD'S WORK

An old Sunday-school superintendent asked his pupils to bring, each of them, a new scholar to Sunday-school. One went to his father and said, "Father, will you go to Sunday-school with me?" "I can't read, my son," replied the father. "Our teacher will teach you," answered the boy, with feeling in his tones. "Well, I'll go," said the father. He went, learned to read, sought and found

the Saviour, and at length became a colporteur. Years passed on, and that man has established four hundred Sunday-schools, into which thirty-five thousand children were gathered.

Thus we see what trying did. This boy's efforts were like a tiny rill, which soon swells into a brook, and at length it becomes a river. His efforts saved his father, who, being saved, led thirty-five thousand children into Sunday-school. Do you know what the Bible promises to them "that turn many to righteousness?"—*Christian Herald.*

ALWAYS DO YOUR BEST

"When I was a little boy," said a gentleman one day to a friend with whom he was talking, "I paid a visit to my grandfather. He was an aged man, and wore a black velvet cap, and knee breeches with large silver buckles at the knees. When I went to say good-bye to him, he took me between his knees, kissed me kindly, then laying his hand on my head, he said: 'My dear boy, I have only one thing to say. Will you try to remember it?'"

"I looked him in the face and said, 'I will, grandpa.'"

"Well," said he, "it is this: What you have to do, always do the best you can."

"This was my grandfather's legacy to me. It was worth more than thousands of gold and silver. I never forgot his words, and have always tried to act upon them."—*Selected.*

A BLACK BOY'S HEART

They were the prettiest pair of ponies ever exhibited at the state fair, and their groom was only a colored boy, who ran by their side as they went round and round the ring, obeying every word or motion of his. When they stopped before the grand stand the ponies rubbed up to Cato as though they loved him.

"What is their price?" asked a horse dealer; for it was known that they were for sale.

"Five hundred dollars," said Cato.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the horse dealer. "I'll give three hundred cash for them."

Cato shook his head and turned away for another offer, but though every one admired them, no one wanted to buy.

"There," said the horse dealer, "you see no one wants them. Tell me who owns them. He will be glad to take my offer."

"Dey 'longs to my young missus, an' she ain't gwine sell 'cept she git five hundred dollars fer 'em," said Cato.

"Humph!" said the horse dealer. "A young girl owns them, does she? Well, if you will swear that one of them went lame, I'll give you fifty dollars. You never had so much money in your life, did you, now?"

Cato gave such a start that the ponies started too. Then looking up, he said:

"Reck'n yer t'ink dat 'cause de Lord done give Cato a black skin he give him a black heart too. Tain't so, an' he ain't gwine blacken it dat way, nuther."

"Cato," said a gentleman standing by, who had overheard the conversation, "why does your young mistress want to sell her ponies?"

"De plantation, it boun' to be sold nex' week," he said, "ef me an' Miss Helen can't raise de money. Marsar he got all but five hundred dollars an' he took sick, an' de barn burn down. Dat how come Miss Helen sell de ponies."

"Well," said the gentleman, "you take them back and tell her they are sold for five hundred dollars. My man will go with you and take the money. Tell her I am going to Europe for a year, and would consider it a favor if she would use them while I am away. If she can buy them back when I return I shall be very glad to sell them to her."

"Ef Cato ever kin serve you, sir, he jes boun' ter do dat t'ing."

"You have done it already, Cato."

"What! sir, I ain't never seen you before."

"True! but you have given me an opportunity to help another in trouble. You gave it to me just now when I overheard you refuse to blacken your heart for that man's money."—*S. S. Advocate*

DAY BY DAY

"Oh, mother, said a little girl, "it is impossible to be a Christian."

"Why?" her mother asked.

"Because there's so much to be done if one wants to be good," was the reply. "One has got to overcome so much, and bear so many burdens, and all that. You know how the minister told all about it last Sunday."

"How did your brother get all that big pile of wood into the shed last spring? Did he do it all at once, or little by little?"

"Little by little, of course," answered the girl.

"Well, that's just the way we live a Christian life. All the trials and burdens won't come at one time. We must overcome those of today, and let those of tomorrow alone till we come to them."

A BAD RECOMMENDATION

A young man desiring to get a situation as apprentice in a certain business, recently entered a store with a cigar in his mouth and expressed his wish to the proprietor. The gentleman looked at him a little and then said: I could easily give you a situation here, but you carry in your mouth a very bad recommendation about with you."

"I never saw any harm in smoking," the young man said, "almost everybody smokes."